RRR
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Why The War? The Kuwait Connection

by Murray N. Rothbard

Why, exactly, did we go to war in the Gulf? The answer remains murky, but perhaps we can find one explanation by examining the strong and ominous Kuwait Connection in our government. [I am indebted to an excellent article in an obscure New York tabloid, *Downtown*, by Bob Feldman, "The Kissinger Affair," March 27]. The *Sabahklatura* that runs the Kuwait government is immensely wealthy, to the tune of hundreds of billions of dollars, derived from tax/"royalty" loot extracted from oil producers simply because the Sabah tribe claims "sovereignty" over that valuable chunk of desert real estate. The Sabah tribe has no legitimate claim to the oil revenue; it did nothing to homestead or mix its labor or any other resource with the crude oil.

It is reasonable to assume that the Sabah family stands ready to use a modest portion of that ill-gotten wealth to purchase defenders and advocates in the powerful United States. We now focus our attention on the sinister but almost universally Beloved figure of Dr. Henry Kissinger, a lifelong spokesman, counselor, and servitor of the Rockefeller World Empire. Kissinger is so Beloved, in fact, that whenever he appears on *Nightline* or *Crossfire* he appears alone, since it seems to be *lese-majeste* (or even blasphemy) for anyone to contradict the Great One's banal and ponderous Teutonic pronouncements. Only a handful of grumblers and malcontents on the extreme right and extreme left disturb this cozy consensus.

In 1954, the 31-year old Kissinger, a Harvard political scientist and admirer of Metternich, was plucked out of his academic obscurity to become lifelong foreign policy advisor to New York Governor Nelson Aldrich Rockefeller. Doctor K continued in that august role until he assumed the mastery of foreign policy throughout the Nixon and Ford administrations. In that role, Kissinger played a major part in prolonging and extending the Vietnam War, and in the mass murder of civilians entailed by the terror bombings of Vietnam, the secret bombing of Cambodia, and the invasion of Laos.

Kissinger was the mass murderer of civilians in Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos.

Since leaving office in 1977, Dr. Kissinger has continued to play a highly influential role in the U.S. politics, in the U.S. media, and in the Rockefeller world empire. It was Kissinger, along with David Rockefeller, who was decisive in the disastrous decision of President Carter to admit the

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THE EAR

By Sarah Barton

Libertarians! You can't live with them, and it's getting increasingly easy to live without them. Are there any at all out there capable of making it through the pearly but narrow gates of paleo-libertarian redemption? The latest to fall by the wayside is my old buddy, Eric Rittberg, head of the Republican Liberty Caucus. I always suspected Eric of pro-war tendencies, but in a recent letter to a top Libertarian (no, not *us*, silly), Eric writes: "Watching the joyous celebrations of the Kuwaiti people over their liberation by American/Allied forces, I am not ashamed to say, brings tears to my eyes and ... makes me DAMN PROUD to be an American!!! Oh yea, and proud to be a Republican too!"

Get ashamed, Eric, and fast. Are you also shedding tears of joy over the Kuwaiti mass torturing of their Palestinian inhabitants, or over the American/Republican destruction and massacre of countless Iraqi

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(THE EAR cont. from P.1)

civilians in Baghdad? Of course, Eric sweetie, you didn't watch *that* on your precious American TV, along with all the censored news that's fit for us to watch and cheer over.

Well, there it is. I just tore up my membership application to RLC. And just when I find that Roger MacBride, Kochtopus/Ed Crane biggie Howie Rich, and Mark Skousen have signed up. How can I *bear* not being in an organization with those guys? Beautifully, my dears, beautifully.

P.S. Congratulations to David Boaz of the Cato Institute, who refused to join the pro-war RLC.

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Big Bill Bradford's boring and bloated rag, *Liberty*, continues to be the poor man's *Reason*, the object that every Modal curls up with on long winter nights (lacking sheep or gerbils, of course). The May issue is their anti-paleo number.

One thing about Modals: they have no sense of humor whatever. Zilch. Which makes them, of course, sparkling at parties. Our Lew Rockwell, who has a wonderful capacity for pushing the Modals' buttons, and driving them berserk (or berserker than they are already) really scored big in his articles in the *L.A. Times* and *USA Today* attacking the universal rush to judgment by videotape in condemnation of the L.A. cops in the Rodney King affair. Every Modal in the country—they who care nothing about the murder of hundreds of thousands of Iraqis—turned to their pens, typewriters, computers, and faxes in clamor against Rockwell. The sense of humor part? They actually thought that Lew called for the outlawing of private video cameras! Worst offenders: Modals Bill Bradford and Sheldon Richman in *Liberty*, and a particular idiotic letter to the *L.A. Times* by Gail Lightfoot, former head of the California L.P. Let's hope for the sake of Gail's reputation, such as it is, that her letter never makes it into print.

The *Liberty* issue takes on the paleos and *Chronicles*, which is something like a pornographer attacking Shakespeare for being a lousy writer. Richard Kostelanetz, a Modal's Modal who is Mr. Avant-Garde Multi-Media "Art," writes a long and incoherent attack on *Chronicles*, full of pedantic trivia, accusing them of being "paleo-Stalinists." The bottom line is that it all boils down to pique because *Chronicles* never published some letter of his. Boy, that's *really* "Stalinism!"

As for Big Bill himself, he has a "report" on the Dallas John Randolph Club meeting, although he wasn't there. He complains that his invitation got lost in the mail, which grave offense I suppose makes *us* "Stalinists" too. You didn't *need* an invitation, Billy baby, all you needed to attend was the moolah to pay the tab (undoubtedly his *real* complaint, knowing Billy's cautious way with a buck). One thing about Bill, he's got plenty of *chutzpah*, which is what it takes to presume to correct Murray, who *was* there, for saying that Lew Rockwell was the one who made the great crack that the Grand Canyon should be used for landfill. To set the record straight, it *was* Lew who said it, Billy. Who do *you* claim should be credited for this *bon mot*?

Like all Modals who claim to favor diversity and "tolerance" in the libertarian movement, Bill Bradford stops short at tolerating...*us* and *our* little contributions to ideological diversity. Anyone who dares to question the sanctity of Rodney King, according to Big Bill, "has resigned from decent human society." How would *you* know, Billy? Billy still hasn't gotten the message: we don't want to be in any movement, or any closed room, for that matter, with *him*.

A final point to Big Bill, who like his friend and co-editor Kostelanetz, suffers from all the tics and pedantry of pretend-scholars. Look, Billy, you mark yourself as a cretin when you attack *our* attacks on the sainted plagiarist and womanizer, "Dr." Martin Luther King, as being "*ad hominem*." *All* references to indi-vidual people, whether favorable or unfavorable, are by definition "*ad hominem*." There is nothing wrong with this, unless you claim that all people in general, and "Dr." King in particular, are and must be above criticism. None of this has *anything* to do with the "*ad hominem* fallacy," which is the logical fallacy of trying to refute a person's arguments by attacking the person. (There is, by the way, nothing wrong with refuting the arguments *and also* attacking the person.) How come I have to bother pointing this out to Billy, who, at least in the person of his alter ego, "Ethan O. Waters," likes to think of himself as a big-shot "philosopher"?

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The Reason Foundation's annual banquet will feature Polly Williams, a black state legislator from Wisconsin. We're supposed to love Polly, says *Reason*, because

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she introduced a law "to allow" 1,000 underclass students to attend "non-sectarian private schools." (The atheist *Reason* wouldn't want them attending sectarian schools, of course.)

But what does "allow" mean? They are allowed to attend now. It means, of course, allowed to get more welfare from the taxpayers, which doesn't seem to bother *Reason*.

Reason neglects to mention Polly's membership in Milwaukee's Black Militia, a para-military outfit that threatens to massacre whites unless it gets $600 million by 1992. (Remind me not to visit Milwaukee that year.)

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Cato has come out of the closet. No, silly, on the *Middle East*. Sheldon Richman, now senior editor at Cato, is spearheading the new effort aimed at the Israeli lobby. His opening shot was an article questioning the legitimacy of the state of Israel in last month's *Washington Report on the Middle East*.

Sheldon has also written a Cato monograph debunking the official history of Israel; forthcoming as well is a Cato book on the Middle East by the extraordinary Leon Hadar, now an adjunct scholar of Cato.

Why has Cato, which has always striven for Respectability, suddenly turned principled on such a controversial issue? Rumors mention a multi-billion dollar oil deal between the Koch world empire, owner of Cato, and an Arab state.

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Joe Sobran will soon have his own newsletter, *Joseph Sobran's American Spy in Washington*. It will, like the *RRR*, be published by the Center for Libertarian Studies. Joe will continue to write a column for us as well.

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Joe Dehn, secretary of the Libertarian Party, says membership fell 3.7% in 1990, which he describes as "a little depressing." Worse, some alleged Libertarian strongholds fell by much more—New Hampshire by 12.6%, for example, and Utah by 19.3%.

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Wayne Gable, president of the Kochs' Citizens for a Sound Economy, has been promoted to D.C. lobbyist for Koch Industries. New CSE head is Paul Beckner, former CSE vice president.

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Conservative journalist Jon Basil Utley has been kicked off the Accuracy in Media board by Reed Irvine. Why? Because Jon opposed the Gulf war. Reed, a thuggish ex-Fed staffer, pretends to oppose liberal bias while actually fighting for State bias. ●

UNCONVENTIONAL WISDOM WATCH

Reason Edition

With its neocon-Modal editorial policy (the New World Order plus head freezing), inquiring minds want to know: what's happened to *the* Libertarian magazine?

PLAYERS		*RRR* Wisdom
Virginia Postrel	⬇	Neocon edits boring, wacko, statist mag. Get thee to a *Commentary*.
Marty Zupan	⬆	Postrel predecessor is now at IHS; ex-colleagues yearn for her.
Charles Oliver	⬆	Good stories on environment and animal rights. In Postrelian dog house for anti-war quote to *New York Times*.
Jacob Sullum	⬇	Balmy stories promote cryonics and more traditional forms of suicide.
Rick Henderson	⬇	The Modals' Modal. FIrst staffer to freeze head?
Martin Wooster	⬆	Talented D.C. editor's job shaky? Postrel wants neocon in slot.
Tibor Machan	⬆	Why is top Libertarian philosopher snubbed by mag he helped start?
Manuel Klausner	⬆	L.A. lawyer and *Reason* co-founder planning some big changes.
David Koch	⬌	Biggest donor applauds neocon coup, but insiders say he *no comprende*.
Bob Poole	⬌	Libertarian giant founded *Reason*, but shouldn't have left editing to Postrel. Forget airports, Bob, your baby needs you. - F.W.T.

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(Kuwait.. cont. from P.1)

recently toppled Shah of Iran, old friend and ally of the Rockefellers, into the United States, a decision that led directly to the Iranian hostage crisis and to Carter's downfall. Today, Kissinger still continues to serve the Rockefeller interests, as a trustee of the powerful Rockefeller Brothers Fund, as a counselor to Rockefellers' Chase Manhattan Bank and as a member of Chase's International Advisory Committee. Kissinger's media influence is evident from his having served on the board of CBS, Inc., and having been a paid consultant to both NBC News and ABC News. That takes care of all three networks.

But Kissinger's major, and most lucrative role, has come as head of Kissinger Associates in New York City, founded on a loan obtained in 1982 from the international banking firm of E.M. Warburg, Pincus & Co. Nominally, Kissinger Associates (K.A.) is an "international consulting firm" but "consultant" covers many sins, and in KA's case, this means international political influence-peddling for its two dozen or so important corporate clients. In the fullest report on KA, Leslie Gelb, in the *New York Times Magazine* for April 20, 1986, reveals that, in that year, 25 to 30 corporations paid KA between $150,000 and $420,000 each per annum for political influence and "access." As Gelb blandly puts it: "The superstar international consultants [at KA] were certainly people who would get their telephone calls returned from high American Government officials and who would also be able to get executives in to see foreign leaders." I dare say a lot more than mere access could be gained thereby. KA's offices in New York and Washington are small, but they pack a powerful punch. [Is it mere coincidence that KA's Park Avenue headquarters is in the same building as the local office of Chase Manhattan Bank's subsidiary, the Commercial Bank of Kuwait?]

Who were these "superstar international consultants"? One of them, who in 1986, was the Vice-Chairman of KA, is none other than General Brent Scowcroft, former National Security Advisor under President Ford, and, playing the exact same role under George Bush, serving as the chief architect of the Gulf War. One of the General's top clients was Kuwait's government-owned Kuwait Petroleum Corporation, who paid Scowcroft for his services at least from 1984 through 1986. In addition, Scowcroft became a director of Santa Fe International (SFI) in the early 1980s, not long after SFI was purchased by the Kuwait Petroleum Corporation in 1981. Joining Scowcroft on the SFI board was Scowcroft's old boss, Gerald Ford. One of SFI's activities is drilling oil wells in Kuwait, an operation which, of course, had to be suspended after the Iraq invasion.

Today, Kissinger still continues to serve the Rockefeller interests.

Brent Scowcroft, it is clear, has enjoyed a long-standing and lucrative Kuwait connection. Is it a coincidence that it was Scowcroft's National Security Council presentation on August 3, 1990, which, according to the *New York Times* (February 21) "crystallized people's thinking and galvanized support" for a "strong response" to the Iraq invasion of Kuwait?

Scowcroft, by the way, does not exhaust the Republican administrations' revolving door among Kissinger Associates. Another top KA official, Lawrence Eagleburger, Undersecretary of State under Reagan, has returned to high office after a stint at KA as Deputy Secretary of State under George Bush.

Also vitally important at KA are the members of its Board of Directors. One director is T. Jefferson Cunningham III, who is also a director of the Midland Bank of Britain, which has also been a KA client. The fascinating point here is that 10.5 percent of this $4 billion bank is owned by the Kuwait government. And Kissinger, as head of KA, is of course concerned to advance the interests of his clients—which include the Midland Bank and therefore the government of Kuwait. Does this connection have anything to do with Kissinger's ultra-hawkish views on the Gulf War? In the meantime, Kissinger continues to serve on President Bush's Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board, which gives Kissinger not only a channel for

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giving advice, but also gives him access to national security information which could prove useful to KA's corporate clients.

Another KA client is the Fluor Corporation, which has a special interest in Saudi Arabia. Shortly before the August 2 invasion, Saudi Arabia decided to launch a $30 to $40 billion project to expand oil production, and granted two huge oil contracts to the Parson and Fluor corporations. (*New York Times*, August 21.)

Bechtel, the Rockefellers, and the Sauds.

One member of KA's board of directors is ARCO chairman Robert O. Anderson; ARCO, also one of KA's clients, is engaged in joint oil-exploration and oil-drilling in offshore China with Santa Fe International, the subsidiary of the Kuwait government.

Other KA board members are William D. Rogers, Undersecretary of State in the Eisenhower Administration, and long-time leading Dewey-Rockefeller Republican in New York; former Citibank (Rockefeller) Chairman Edward Palmer; and Eric Lord Roll, economist and Chairman of the Board of the London international banking house of S.F. Warburg.

Perhaps the most interesting KA board member is one of the most Beloved figures in the conservative movement, William E. Simon, Secretary of Treasury in the Nixon and Ford Administrations. When Simon left office in 1977, he became a consultant to the Bechtel Corporation, which has had the major massive construction contracts to build oil refineries and cities in Saudi Arabia. In addition, Simon became a consultant to Suliman Olayan, one of the wealthiest and most powerful businessmen in Saudi Arabia. Long a close associate of the oil-rich Saudi royal family, Olayan had served Bechtel well by getting it the multi-billion contract to build the oil city of Jubail. In 1980, furthermore, Olayan hired William Simon to be chairman of two investment firms owned jointly by himself and the influential Saudi Prince Khaled al Saud.

Bechtel, the Rockefellers, and the Saud royal family have long had an intimate connection. After the Saudis granted the Rockefeller dominated Aramco oil consortium the monopoly of oil in Saudi Arabia, the Rockefellers brought their pals Bechtel in on the construction contracts. The Bechtel Corporation, of course, has also contributed George Shultz and Cap Weinberger to high office in Republican administrations. To complete the circle, KA director Simon's former boss Suliman Olayan was, in 1988, the largest shareholder in the Chase Manhattan Bank after David Rockefeller himself.

The pattern is clear. An old New Left slogan held that "you don't need a weatherman to tell you how the wind is blowing." In the same way, you don't need to be a "conspiracy theorist" to see what's going on here. All you have to do is be willing to use your eyes. ●

Lost Illusions

by Joseph Sobran

Life always turns out to be so different from what you think. One of the better films of the last few years was an English film called *Mona Lisa*, about a low-level cockney criminal (beautifully played by the great Bob Hoskins) who falls in love with the lovely black call-girl he's paid to chauffeur around. It transpires she's tragically unlike his image of her. And all through the story, the soundtrack plays Nat Cole singing: "Are you true, are you real, Mona Lisa...?"

Those who want to avoid similar heartbreak are advised never to fall in love with a U.S. president. Over the last few months I've learned a lot about the last few presidents. A new book by James Spada, excerpted in the May *Vanity Fair*, recounts how the Kennedy brothers used Marilyn Monroe, how deeply they got their hooks into her, and how they may even have had her murdered. She'd been led to think she might wind up our First Lady, and when it sank in that this wasn't really the game plan, she threatened to talk and/or kill herself. I'd heard rumors about all this for a long time; more and more had gotten into print, but Spada provides the compelling details. Never mind the latest Teddy stories from Palm Beach! History may look back on the youngest Kennedy boy as the family male line's first faltering step out of the moral ooze.

Moving right along, we come

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to Lyndon Johnson. Robert Caro's first two volumes have shown this monster's trudge to power right up to his theft of the 1948 Texas senatorial race. For those who can't wait for Caro to finish the story, I recommend Robert Winter-Berger's *The Washington Pay-Off*, which tells how Johnson became such an effective majority leader: he collected dirt on everyone he might need a favor from, and at critical moments let them know he knew. Winter-Berger was present (he says plausibly) when President Johnson rushed hysterically into House Speaker John McCormack's office, wailing obscenely that Bobby Baker was going to make him the first president to finish his days in prison; he directed an aide to offer Baker a million bucks to clam up.

In strictly relative terms, Nixon might have said, "Hell, I'm a saint!"

Richard Nixon said, "I am not a crook," which was literally untrue, but in relative terms, understandable. In fact, in strictly relative terms, he might have said, "Hell, I'm a saint!" He must have felt like a pickpocket who'd been caught and sent up the river after watching his two predecessors get away with a series of axe-murders. But I was so naive at the time that the Watergate revelations shocked me. An effort largely contrived by the Kennedy's and Johnson's protective pals in the press, who affected stunned horror at Nixon's coarse language, not to mention his actual crimes. (These are the people who feel Nixon was partially redeemed by his grovelling before Chou En-Lai and imposing wage and price controls.)

Gerald Ford seems to have contented himself with peddling small favors for a reasonable consideration. Clearly a man who couldn't fill the dimensions of the office. Spiro Agnew would have been more like it.

Jimmy Carter was either reasonably honest or hasn't been exposed yet. An unpleasantly virtuous little twerp. It's nonsense to speak of being disillusioned with a man who was so unprepossessing from the start. If he had anything to hide, it couldn't have been any more disagreeable than what he displays: not exactly a Mona Lisa smile, that grin of his.

Unlike Carter, Ronald Reagan was a weirdo who knew how to keep it under wraps. In 1980 I was his total believer, certain that he'd raze everything built in Washington since January, 1933. For the most part, nothing really happened under Reagan. I don't say this disparagingly: his chief virtue was that he lacked everything *liberals* think of as a virtue. And—at least from across the footlights—he had a good deal more charm, humor, and magnetism than *most* zombies, even taking into account that zombies have historically been victims of Hollywood stereotyping. As Kitty Kelley tells it, he was trapped into marriage by an ambitious little tramp who'd finally found the man she could outsmart. I don't believe a word of it. But it *would* explain a lot. The Iran-contra mess gave us such tactful phrases as "disengaged" and "plausible deniability," and deniability was never more plausible than when it was invoked in Reagan's behalf. Yes, crimes were committed under Reagan, but crimes are committed under the Washington Monument. Neither should be held responsible. Yet good things happened on Reagan's watch too, and I cling to the hope that Joan Quigley will run on a third-party ticket next year. She's just waiting for someone to ask her.

George Bush has shoved the astrologers aside and is trying to run this country himself. Two wars so far, as we go to press. He suddenly reined in the latest one when he decided that though Saddam Hussein is worse than Hitler, someone else may be worse than Saddam Hussein. And who might that be? Thereby hangs a tale.

And one version of the tale (plausible, but still deniable) is being told by Gary Sick, Carter's Iran expert, who has been chasing down the rumors that the 1980 Reagan campaign made a secret deal with emissaries of the Ayatollah Khomeini to hold the hostages until after the election in return for a pledge of arms later. The weapons were to be delivered via Israel, which indeed did furtively and illegally smuggle arms to Iran right after Reagan took office. (The

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hostages, you'll recall, were released *while* Reagan took office—during the inauguration festivities, in fact).

Sick also says (though he's not sure it's true) that Bush was seen in Paris, according to three witnesses, when the deal was consummated, around October 20, 1980. That should be easy to check out. If you can't nail down the whereabouts of a vice-presidential candidate barely two weeks before the election, when he should be in full public view, with dozens of journalists tagging along, something is fishy.

Yet Bush's whereabouts on that date were precisely what federal prosecutors proved *unable* to nail down in the trial of Richard Brennecke, a minor figure in the story who was indicted on a largely unrelated matter.

Sick is convinced that some deal was made, whether Bush was involved or not. (Reagan probably didn't know of it. Probably never will.) But for now it's just a wild rumor—as the stories of Kennedy philandering, Johnson's epic crookedness, Nixon's involvement in a coverup, and Reagan's terminal incompetence were once wild rumors.

But this too would explain a lot, such as the strange silence of both Reagan and Bush about the incredible barbarities of the Iranian regime, which has killed 90,000 Iranians, presumably controls the remaining Western hostages in Lebanon, and openly aspires to "liberate" the entire Middle East, including Mecca and Jerusalem. This is what the Arab states are really afraid of; they regarded Iraq, before the invasion of Kuwait, as the chief bulwark against Iran. And this is why Bush stopped General Schwarzkopf's drive to Baghdad.

Yet he's chary of saying so. When Iran struck at rebel bases inside Iraq in March and April, he said nothing, except a pious wish that "everyone" would stay out of Iraq. It looks very much as if he's afraid to confront Iran, even verbally, at a time when he has huge forces in the region, right after a triumphant war to reaffirm the sanctity of existing borders. Why? Do the Iranians still have something on him?

Even this quick romp through recent history suggests a little lesson for the naive: that where there is power, there is usually crime. It would be gratifying if our customary disillusionment with our leaders more often came in time to do some good. ●

The neocon program for education is to bring us more of the problem.

Education: Rethinking "Choice"

by M.N.R.

Now that George Bush has ended all problems in the Middle East by exterminating several hundred thousand Iraqis, he has moved to fulfill his campaign threat to become our "Education President." His first step was to fire bumbling education bureaucrat Lauro Cavazos as Education Secretary, and to replace him with the beloved Governor Lamar Alexander, who is under the control of those baleful neocons. In particular, Alexander's Control is neocon education theorist Chester Finn, aided by educational historian Diane Ravitch. Essentially, the neocon program for education is to bring us more of the problem rather than the solution: that is, to escalate the already calamitous statization of the family, and to bring all kids under the domination of the swollen and monstrous educationist bureaucracy. In the battle over education, the neocon view is all power to the teachers and administrators (good)—that is, to the State's technocrat New Class, whom the neocons represent, and all power to be taken from the parents (bad). More renamed "magnet" schools, expensive national testing—to be administered by you know who—and we can expect that, sooner or later, the spectre of "merit pay" boodle for the aforesaid New Class will not be far behind. [N.B. Neocon attacks on the "New Class" are not to be taken seriously. They are essentially nuanced though nonetheless bitter family feuds *within* the statist New Class, waged between Truman-Humphrey Democrats (the neocons) and McGovern-Kennedy Democrats ("left-liberals").]

But what about the tiny carrot of "choice" held out by the Bush Administration? Shouldn't libertarians welcome any elements of parental choice in education? Shouldn't we therefore

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favor some form of federal aid to private schools, thereby allegedly expanding parental choice?

There is no doubt about the ultimate libertarian position on the public school question: it is to abolish that monstrous system root and branch, and return education to the total control, management, and choice of the parents. Another plank in that the libertarian program is to abolish the despotism of compulsory school laws, which dragoons kids into either the public school system itself or into private schools *duly certified and approved the State.*

That last clause should be noted and underlined, because it underscores the major problem with many "transition programs" that libertarians have fallen for in recent years. Simply calling for abolition of the public school system seems too sectarian to most libertarians, who yearn to advance their ideas realistically in the public arena. Hence, in education as in many other areas, libertarians have latched onto transition demands that would bring us half or third of the libertarian loaf as better than achieving nothing at all. While I agree that half a loaf is better than achieving nothing at all, it is of the utmost importance to make sure that the transition demand is (a) substantial and radical enough to worry about, and (b) helps to achieve the full program rather than undercutting it. In other words, the transition goal must not be such as to undercut our work against the ultimate goal itself.

On education, the favorite transition demand, pushed particularly by Friedmanite "free market" economists, is the "voucher" plan, touted as expanding parental choice. The parent receives a voucher which he can use to pay tuition at a private as well as a public school of his choice. I have always opposed the voucher scheme bitterly, because it enshrines in "libertarian" favor a policy forcing taxpayers to pay for the education of other people's children. It is in no sense a privatization or market policy.

Once in a blue moon, I change my mind on a political issue.

Furthermore, Friedmanites do not even label vouchers as a transition demand, but hail it as a good in itself. But in that case, why not have taxpayer-financed vouchers for everything else: housing, food, clothing, etc.? Vouchers look like nothing so much as a slightly more efficient, and slightly freer form of welfare state, and it would be especially pernicious in diverting libertarian energies to enshrining and sanctifying that State.

As an alternative to the Friedmanite voucher scheme, I have long supported the idea of tuition tax-credits. Parents would be able to deduct their private school tuition *off the top* from their income tax bills [that is, as a tax "credit" and not as a mere *deduction* from taxable income.] The standard free-marketeer critique of tax credits is that such credits are really "subsidies" fully as much as vouchers, but I have rebutted vehemently that tax credits or exemptions are *not* "subsidies," because it can never be a "subsidy" to allow people to keep more of their own money. A subsidy to X only exists when the State takes money out of Y's pocket to give to X. And, of course, if you don't pay enough income tax to cover school tuition, then your credits are indeed limited to your tax payment, so that the credit scheme can never entail a genuine subsidy.

Well, once in a blue moon, I change my mind on a political issue, and this is one case. I have now abandoned support for tax credits. I have been convinced by an argument relayed to me from an old friend, paleo-conservative Dr. Gary North, and seconded by other leading paleos. My God, have I abandoned liberty at last, under the terrible influence of these "horrible fascists," as one Modal has called them? Not quite. North's argument is as follows, and it will be instructive for all Modals out there to parse it carefully: whether it be vouchers or tax credits, the State will decide which private schools are worthy to receive them. If those schools are not deemed worthy, that is, if they are not Politically Correct in

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all sorts of ways, they will be stricken from the approved list. The result, then, of vouchers or tax credits will be, *in the name of expanding parental choice*, to destroy the current private school system and to bring it under total governmental control. Parents who want to send their kids to *really* private schools, schools which may be Politically Incorrect in many ways, will then have to pay tuition to a *third* set of genuinely private schools, after paying taxes to support two sets of schools, the public and the Officially Approved Private.

I had only to hear this argument to be converted. It's not that I had never *thought* of the problem of approved private schools before, it's just that I had not given it sufficient weight. One argument that paleoconservatives make about libertarians is that we tend to become so enamored of our "abstract" though correct theory that we tend to underweigh concrete political or cultural problems, and here is a lovely example. Once we focus on the question, it should be clear that, *in our present rotten political and cultural climate*, there is no way that the State would allow parents to choose genuinely private schools in a tax credit system. So the problem with tax credits is not the Subsidy Question, but granting the state any right to rule over our choices.

So do we have any transitional demands left in education, short of abolishing the public school system? Sure we do. In addition to abolishing compulsory schooling (*i.e.* school truant laws), we can battle against every school bond issue, every expansion of public school budgets, and in favor of all attempts to cut and restrict them, and *within* those budgets to slash away at federal and state budgets, and to try to decentralize and localize as much as possible. Is that enough to do? ●

Diversity, Death, and *Reason*

by M.N.R.

Has anyone noticed how the Modals, despite their blather about cultural and sexual diversity, *can't stand* difference of opinion, especially from libertarians? They go bananas, they flip out. Oh, they don't mind abstruse differences in libertarian theory; they can and do chew the cud endlessly, for example, about whether utilitarianism or natural rights is the proper groundwork for libertarian doctrine. I mean differences about social and cultural values, about fundamental strategy, about the petty racketeering endemic to the movement.

We have already pointed out gleefully in these pages how Sarah Barton's revealing pinpricks have driven all the *pomposo* Left-nihilos, especially those in power positions in the movement, totally bananas.

But there is more, far more. Take Lew Rockwell, for example, who has a treasured capacity to get under the skin of the Modals. Hardly had they begun to recover from his *Anti-Environmentalist Manifesto*, when Lew's dissent from the fashionable ACLU-Al Sharpton line on the videotaping of the arrest of one Rodney King sent every Modal in the country into orbit, twanging with shock and hatred. So far, *Reason* magazine, rousing itself from its umpteenth treatise on local garbage disposal, has devoted an editorial plus an article by a Rick Henderson to fulminating against Rockwell on this issue. What's the matter, guys? Can't stand some dissent? [Consider, incidentally, the double standard indulged in by the ACLU. That outfit, which would demand "due process" for Genghis Khan, leaps to judgment and takes out ads demanding L.A. Police Chief Gates' instant dismissal!]

The newly Postrelized *Reason*, by the way, has polarized itself into a truly lovely position: neocon and pro-war on foreign policy, and Left-nihilo-Modal on everything else. *Reason's* new position is epitomized by assistant editor Jacob Sullum, who was ardently in favor of the mass murder of the Gulf War, and equally ardently in favor of the revived cryonics movement, along with its systemic practice of "assisted" suicide. The cryonics movement, in fact, strikes me as the Ultimate Modality. It is remarkable that here we have Modals, to a man aggressive atheists who scorn Christians as credulous "mystics," paying some characters to freeze their heads—in the libertarian-oriented Alcor group, indeed, to freeze them "pre-mortem"—in the trusting faith that these guys will keep those heads properly frozen for centuries, that there will be no power outage or failure to pay electric bills, and that, some centuries in the future the god

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Science will enable their heads to be thawed out and attached to a glorious new live body. And further, that a bunch of unpaid scientists of the future will, gratis and altruistically, do the requisite thawing and repairing and resurrecting.

Here are the Ultimate Modals: militant atheists, computer programmers, science fiction fanatics, guys who took seriously those grand old 1950s science fiction movies about the diabolic preserved Head setting out to conquer the world—except that they were a lot more fun than this grisly gang. Take Jacob Sullum's admiring article about this group featured in *Reason's* April 1991 issue: "The group is overwhelmingly male...The atmosphere is earnestly intellectual. There seem to be a lot of computer specialists, space enthusiasts, science fiction fans, and libertarians of various stripes. One woman is selling parodies of those little Jesus-in-a fish emblems...She says they went over big at the Objectivist meeting last week. The [meeting] is sort of a cross between a 'Star Trek' convention and an Ayn Rand discussion group." Need I say more?!

The next month's *Reason*, Sullum is back, with chilling consistency, in support of still broader forms of "assisted" suicide. Sullum refuses to balk at applying this "right" (of suicide) to children, the mentally retarded and the senile. "Come, my dear, wouldn't you like to go bye-bye in Lotus Land?" But Sullum does not shrink at such an extension of rights. "Mistakes," he declares, "even fatal ones, are a price of liberty." New libertarian doctrine: murder as the inevitable price of liberty?

One thing can be said for the new Sullum-*Reason* line: it is nothing if not consistent. In the name of "rights," it favors "assisted" death, across the board, from head-freezing to Dr. Kevorkian's suicide machine, to several hundred thousand inhabitants of Iraq. Except that the Iraqis weren't given the choice to pay some bunco artists to get their heads frozen; oh well, I guess they just didn't have the money.

The cryonics movement comes down to a grotesque parody of Christianity. As Jeff Tucker writes: "In effect, cryonics promises the following: I am the Resurrection and the Life. He who believes in me, and pays $120,000, will have everlasting life."

To pick up on the exhortation of Sarah Barton: Go, go, do it, Modals, don't wait, Get Frozen Now! ●

Peace on Earth

by H.L. Mencken

The uplifters who try so violently to downpull war are very earnest folk, and some of their arguments are so powerful that no answer to them has ever been discovered. But meanwhile war continues to be popular. Who, indeed, is really against it—that is, honestly to God against it, as every one is against smallpox and work? Probably not five percent of the human race. Perhaps another five percent may be induced, under pressure, to sign petitions against it, and even to swear solemnly that they will not serve the next time war comes. But let the bugles blow a few sharp blasts, and the second squad will be howling for blood instanter, and in a little while all save a corporal's guard of the first squad will be howling too.

As for the rest of the people, they are for war all the time, whether for good reasons or for bad. They delight in it as a cat delights in catnip, or a dry congressman in radiator alcohol. There is no easier way to get their confidence and their votes than to start honing the sword and talking darkly of Huns at the gate. In the whole history of the United States I can't find a single example of a politician who ever lost anything by advocating going to war. But on the other side I can show you almost countless examples of politicians who were ruined by talking incautiously of peace.

Go back, for instance, to the War of 1812. If there ever was a senseless bloodletting on this earth, it was that one. England had a magnificent war machine in full operation. The United States had next to nothing.

Moreover, the reasons advanced for going to war were of the flimsiest. Some of them were downright imaginary, and most of the rest were obliterated by a neat English backdown before the war actually began. But by this time the plain people were aflame with military libido, and there was no containing them. Poor little Jimmy Madison, trying to hold back, was greeted with angry roars, and in a little while, like any other enlightened politician, he allowed himself to be converted, and plunged the country into the carnage with pious hosannas.

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The war went the way that might have been expected. The Americans, with the aid of a noble band of profiteers, improvised a small and expensive but very smart navy, and it quickly gave a good account of itself on the sea. But on land there was little save a long series of disasters.

Certainly there was plenty of meat in this war for pacifists, and after it had gone on for a while, the few who were then to be found in the country got together and demanded that the slaughter and arson cease. Some New England Federalists, dumb even for politicians, were seized with the idea that there might be something in this movement for their party, so they joined it hopefully. With what result? With the result that their rivals, the Democratic-Republicans who had made the war, accused them of plotting to separate New England from the Union and hand it over to England. This, of course, was not true, but nine out of ten Americans believed it the moment they heard it, and in consequence the whole Federalist Party was wracked and some of its leaders narrowly escaped being lynched. Open any school history book, and you will find elegant woodcuts of the two loudest advocates of this idiotic war, Henry Clay and John C. Calhoun, and long accounts of their tremendous services to their country. But you will have to search even the thickest schoolbook very hard to discover any mention whatever of their two chief opponents, George Cabot and Theodore Dwight, and what it says about them will probably turn out to be very sniffish.

The really earnest opponents of war always fare badly.

The same tale might be told of every other war in which the United States has ever been engaged, and indeed, of every war in which any other nation has ever been engaged. The chief heroes of all wars, next to the generals who lead the troops to slaughter in the field, are the high-powered rabble rousers who promote the business behind the lines, and keep it going when it threatens to lag.

There are cases, of course, of opponents of war who have lived down their ill fame by swallowing the principles that had been so costly to them. But the really earnest opponents of war always fare badly. The head of the clan in France, Jean Jaures, was assassinated on July 31, 1914, two days before the first of 1,357,800 Frenchmen was butchered.

Someone once said that if all the diplomats of the world were hanged there would never be any more wars. There is enough truth in this to make it sound plausible. But that getting rid of the whole diplomatic pack would abolish war altogether is by no means likely, for war survives on earth simply because so many people enjoy it.

Enjoy it? Did I really intend to write that word? And if so, have I gone *mashuggah*? Not at all. There is, indeed, nothing in all this world that can match war for popularity. It is, to at least nine people out of ten, the supreme circus of circuses, the show beyond compare, it is Hollywood multiplied by ten thousand. It combines all the excitements of a bullfight, a revival, a train wreck, and a lynching. It is a hunt for public enemies with a million Dillingers scattered through the woods. It is the dizziest, gaudiest, grandest, damnedest sort of bust that the human mind can imagine.

The pacifists always make the mistake of assuming that the people do not like war, and would not miss it if it were taken away from them. Precisely the same sort of mistake was made by the Prohibitionists in 1919, with results so sad that I hate to recall them. The truth is that what the human race really finds hard to endure is peace. It can stand the dull monotony for ten years, twenty years, even thirty years, but then it begins to fume and lather, and presently we are in the midst of another major war and enjoying its incomparable exhilarations.

The whole body of the people, high and low alike, are all the same when the bands being to play and the tramp, tramp, tramp of marching men converts every heart into a cocktail shaker. The recruits that the pacifists drum up so easily in times of peace are not to be taken seriously. Nine-tenths of them are simply either fools who will sign anything, or snobs who like to fancy that they are superior to the general run. These

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snobs entertain themselves by pretending that they can't be fetched by the blather which so easily upsets the rest of us, and by taking mighty oaths to refuse to serve in the next war. That many of them will try to keep out of the trenches I have no doubt, but all of them, save a few cripples, will be lined up along the curbstone as they were in the last war, howling incitements and encouragements to the boys in the ranks.

Here I do not except even the rev. clergy. They will not holler as loud as the rest; they will holler twice as loud as they have always done in all wars since the days of Cain and Abel, and on all sides. In 1912 or thereabout I came into contact with a band of pacifists mainly made up of clergymen, and got to know some of them well.

Along came 1917 and the grandest hullabaloo ever enjoyed by the freemen of this republic. When I thought to inquire about my pacifist friends I naturally expected to find them locked up in some hoosegow or other, charged with treason. But the first one I encountered was now a four-minute man touring the movie parlors and bellowing for blood like a starving tiger. The others had all gone the same way. There was one exception—a clergyman. This holy man stuck to his guns throughout the war. He was denounced in the newspapers, got a great many threatening letters, and came near being thrown out of his pulpit. But he refused to budge, and the last time I heard of him he was still a pacifist. His case, however, was so extraordinary as to be almost unique. It would not be unreasonable to liken him to an honest politician or an odorless polecat.

The country stepped into war with shivers of delight, and nine Americans out of ten had a roaring time until the show was over.

Even the sassy young intellectuals who rage against war in the colleges, hurling defiances at their teachers, are no better than the rest.

To listen to pacifists one would think that when the United States went into World War, there was wailing and lamentation from one end of the country to the other. But every one who was alive and reasonably sober in those days knows that the country really stepped into it with shivers of delight, and that nine Americans out of ten had a roaring time until the show was over.

Here I by no means except the actual soldiers. To be sure, it was unpleasant to be killed, but every buck private of healthy mind believed confidently that he would escape, and those who didn't plainly couldn't do any mourning over it. It was also, of course, unpleasant to be wounded, but not every one was wounded, not even a majority, not even ten percent, and the overwhelming bulk of those who collided with shot or shell recovered afterward and had something to be proud of for the rest of their days. There were some young men, unfortunate beyond the common, who didn't escape but were wrecked for life; but statistics prove that their chances of coming to that unhappy fate would have been almost as great if they had stayed at home.

The choice before the average youngster, when war breaks out, is not between enlisting in the army and staying home to become President of the United States, or going into the movies at $10,000 a week, or marrying a girl with four or five doting stepfathers, each worth $100,000,000. It is between enlisting in the army and taking a job in a filling station, or following the plow, or adding up long rows of dull figures; or sitting day after day in an unventilated classroom while half-dead pedagogues try to teach him things that don't interest him.

War, to this typical, this normal young fellow, is a colossal release. The problem of making a living in a stupid and unappreciative world departs from his shoulders. He ceases to be a nonentity and becomes a public figure, cheered by his relatives, his friends and the populace in general. There is someone to feed him when mealtime rolls round, someone to cloth him, and someone to tell him what to do. He has a gun in his hands and feels like a man. His country needs him, and tells him so with many a slap on the back, though in a little while it

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may forget him. No more lordly life is imaginable. It combines all of the advantages of a sure income, good and racy company, and a job full of thrills. The soldier stands proudly above all the ordinary laws. Even the laws of economics are repealed for him.

And the rest of the population? My belief, born of close observation in two wars, is that those who stay home enjoy war even more than those who take a hand in it. Every day is full of tremendous excitements, and they are of kinds that peace simply cannot offer. The minute war breaks out the whole country heaves a vast sigh of satisfaction. All the rules are suddenly suspended. There are new and better jobs for every one. Bands play in the streets. Soldiers go clumping by. Every girl has two beaux, and every boy has three girls. The old fellows make speeches, hunt spies, try to get their share of the easy money. The old gals knit socks, cheer the parades, and dream of handsome generals coming home to steal them from their husbands. I'll begin to believe war can be abolished when the pacifists show me a way to change all this. What I call for, of course, is a complete renovation of human nature. Science is mighty and may accomplish anything in time; it may even accomplish this. If, when, and as it does so I'll begin to believe we have seen the last of war. But not before. ●

"There are small organized clandestine cells" working on a virus "to diminish or even eliminate the race of man from the earth."

Forbidden Facts

by Llewellyn H. Rockwell, Jr.

The Eco-Heart

In his new book, *Confessions of an Eco-Warrior*, David Brower declares that "we humans have become a disease—the humanpox." The answer, says Brower, is "a new race of Neanderthals" whose "loyalty is to Earth and not homo sapiens." Brower—founder of EarthFirst!, Friends of the Earth, the Earth Island Institute, and other eco-groups—is awaiting trial for trying to blow up some of homo sapiens' electricity transmission pylons. And he's one of the moderates.

Vincent M. Cannistraro, former counterterrorism chief of the CIA, says this is not just a fantasy. "There are small organized clandestine cells" of "very highly educated scientists" working on a virus "to diminish or even eliminate the race of man from the earth."

A propos of this, a friend sent me a clipping about what an official of the National Park Service saw as "horrifying terrorism": not anti-human viruses, but a spotted owl nailed to a park sign. "Where were you when this happened?" he wanted to know. Another friend sent me a sweatshirt. "Earthday?," it read. "A holiday for a rotating dirtball?"

Not Dead to Rights

The Bush administration's Americans With Disabilities Act makes it a federal crime to discriminate against AIDS carriers. A restaurant owner cannot even reassign them to non-food handling duties. And that federal protection of phony rights now extends beyond life. The law also makes it illegal for undertakers to refuse to handle AIDS-infected corpses.

You Got Business in This Town, Pardner?

The town of Kennesaw, Georgia, passed an ordinance in 1982 requiring all residents to own a gun. It did so in response to the highly publicized action of liberal Morton Grove, Ill., banning gun ownership. The result has been interesting. Kennesaw's home burglary rate has dropped 80%, from 11/1,000 to just 3, despite the ever-nearer growth of crime-happy Atlanta.

The Scumir of Kuwait

Now that it is no longer unpatriotic, the national media are reporting some of the more interesting activities of the Emir of Kuwait, Sheik Jaber al-Sabah. The "65-year-old Emir's interest in statecraft seems to have waned," reports the *New York Times*, "in favor of concentrating his energies on his frequent, al-

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though brief, marriages." As I reported in the *RRR* many months ago, the sheik has, in accordance with Moslem law, four wives, but one is a rotating slot. Each week, reports the *Times*, the sheik marries a 14 or 15 year-old virgin, then divorces her shortly thereafter. "All the emir does is get married," complained one of the Kuwaitis who wants a representative government instead of the present fornocracy.

AIDS Education

Senator Jesse Helms (R.-N.C.) is hated, among his other sins, for "opposing AIDS education." Not even genuine education should be subsidized by the feds, but it's interesting to note exactly what is meant by AIDS ed. A mother of a third-grade youngster in a Bay Area public school told me that the children were taught in class to put a condom on a cucumber, as part of AIDS education. And the San Francisco AIDS Foundation is complaining that its color poster, "Get Carried Away With Condoms," isn't paid for by the federal government, thanks to Helms. The two aroused young men in the poster are entirely naked except for one condom.

Double Reparations for Slavery

Many blacks are following Martin Luther King's example and demanding billions in slavery reparations from whites, even through the slaves and slaveowners are long dead. The president of Nigeria, General Ibrahim Babangida, agrees, but says that $30 billion in reparations should also be paid to him, and billions more to other African dictators.

Speaking to a conference on "Reparations for Africa and Africans in the Diaspora" sponsored by Chief Basorun Abiola, publisher of the *National Concord*, and attended by many Americans, Gen. Babangida said that the enslavement of "young, virile Africans marginalized Africa." Before slavery, he said, "Africa and Europe were about equally developed."

Before slavery, he said, "Africa and Europe were about equally developed."

Leaving aside the lunatic argument about European-African development, how do we square the general's demand for reparations with the fact that the African slaves were captured from interior tribes and sold to the slavetraders by coastal tribes? Slaving was an integrated multicultural business.

Skull & Bones

The hyper-secret society Skull & Bones at Yale University has always been one of the Establishment's recruiting grounds. Promoting a cozy and profitable alliance of big government and big business against the rest of us, S&B includes such members as George Bush and Senator John Kerry (D.-Mass.).

The initiation ceremony consists of detailed, public confessions about past sexual activities while lying in coffins, and group masturbation. But this junior CFR with a twist is now threatened by feminism.

Student members, who may simply have been looking for a more interesting initiation, attempted to sexually integrate the society. In reaction, the adult board vetoed the new pledges and closed the society's headquarters, the Tombs, a dark mansion that includes such trophies as the stolen skulls of Pancho Villa, Geronimo, and Martin van Buren.

The adult directors then offered a compromise: separate initiation ceremonies. But a young Bonesman replied that this would make the women "feel marginalized and second-rate." Nothing but coed coffins would do.

Public Education

A group of Missouri public school teachers wrote to the "Govenor [sic]" demanding more pay. The letter, which also mixed up "there" and "their," and "teacher's" and "teachers," complained about "mediocricy [sic] in education." When asked about this, the head of the state teachers' union said that the "democratic process is not only for the perfect."

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Black Supremacy

Former UN ambassador and Atlanta mayor Andrew Young is defending the Atlanta public school system's proposed switch from an Afrocentric curriculum to a multicultural one. Young, who admits to feelings of "black supremacy" when he is around black students, says "you can't just teach black children about black history. You've got to teach them about Asian history, you've got to teach them about their Mexican-American and Puerto Rican and Native American brothers and sisters." That's everyone isn't it?

Flagism

Byrnes High School in Duncan, S.C., has banned the wearing of Confederate flag patches as "racist." So far, 101 students have been suspended. But the school's code does not ban black liberation flag patches, only the stars and bars. Protesting that, 10th grader Jamie Dill brought an antique Confederate flag to school. "My daddy gave me this flag," he said, "my ancestors died for it." He too was suspended.

P.C. Segregation

Mayor David Dinkins of New York City is setting up an all-black, all-male residential public high school, the Ujamaa Institute (Swahili for racial unity). The school will concentrate on "the African-American contributions to the arts, sciences, and so forth," says Dinkins. "You know, when I was a boy, Africa conjured up in your mind Tarzan swinging through the trees. We did not know of the magnificent civilization that existed."

Republicans With Attitude

The newest member of the big-donor Republican Senatorial Inner Circle is Eazy-E, member of the rap group Niggers With Attitude. The wealthy E wrote the hit "[dirty word] the Police." On another record, E raps "From city to city, I'm a menace as I pass by, rippin' up [dirty word] just so you can remember I'm a straight up nigger that's gunnin', gunnin', and comin' straight at yo [dirty word]." Sounds like a good description of the Bush administration to me.

"I support the president's position in the Persian Gulf," said Eazy-E.

Hate Mail at Yale

A white Yale law student was raped by two black men, and when some black law students pooh-poohed it, they received a hate note signed "Yale Students for Racism." The note condemned the rape "of our classmate," denounced the students for their comments, and said, "Now do you know why we call you niggers?"

The administration, which had had no response to the off-campus rape, immediately went into action. Calling the note "the stuff of Hitler" perpetrated by "vicious cowards," Guido Calabresi, Posnerite "free-market" dean of the law school, had the police take fingerprints and appointed a former Justice Department official to investigate. "This disgusting piece of garbage," he said, "demonstrates that we in law school are not at all immune from the hatred and racism that abounds in our society."

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The New I.Q.

New definitions of human intelligence are gaining popularity. Present I.Q. tests, accused of being pro-white although Asian students do best on them, must be replaced with tests that showcase "athletic ability, interpersonal skills, and street smarts," according to the Atlanta public schools. "Any tests that emphasize logical, analytic methods of problem solving will be biased against minorities," says Nancy Amuleru-Marshall, director of research.

Criminal Justice

When the verdict was read in D.C. court, the amazed defendant literally fell out of his chair. The prosecutor's mouth dropped open. And one young juror was weeping. Despite overwhelming evidence of his guilt, Darryl J. Smith was found not guilty of murder.

Three weeks later, the D.A. got an anonymous letter from a juror, who said the members of the jury believed Smith was guilty, but they gave in to browbeating from those—led by the forewoman—who "didn't want to send any more Young Black Men to prison, even if he did kill that Young Man for drugs. I let a man go free for murder with my vote. I hope God will forgive me."

Afrocentric History

Pat A. Browne, director of multicultural education for the Indianapolis public schools, says that many facts have been deliberately hidden by the white man, such as that Africans discovered America 2,000 years "before anyone ever heard of Columbus," that a black man actually invented "Bell's telephone," and that ancient Egypt was a black society.

Although there are pre-Columbian sculptures with seemingly Negroid features, no scholar believes they came from Africa; some Indian tribes in South America have those features as well. And while it's true that Alexander Graham Bell employed a black draftsman, there is no evidence he invented the telephone. As to the builders of the pyramids having been black, it is clear from the many tomb paintings that have survived, and from mummies, that the Egyptians were white, although they did have Nubian slaves.

Sabrina Collins

Sabrina Collins, a black student at Emory University in Atlanta, reported racial harassment. Because so many similar incidents turn out, like Tawana Brawley's, to be made up, I was suspicious when I read that one of the graffiti attacks was written in lipstick under her carpet—an unlikely location.

The police were suspicious too, when it turned out the threats used some of the same misspellings that Collins did, and took place when they had sealed off her room from outsiders. It later turned out that Collins was in academic trouble, and had caused the ruckus to divert attention. But the university is still going ahead with a massive program of racial sensitivity training for white students, as demanded by the local NAACP after Collins made her initial charges. ●

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